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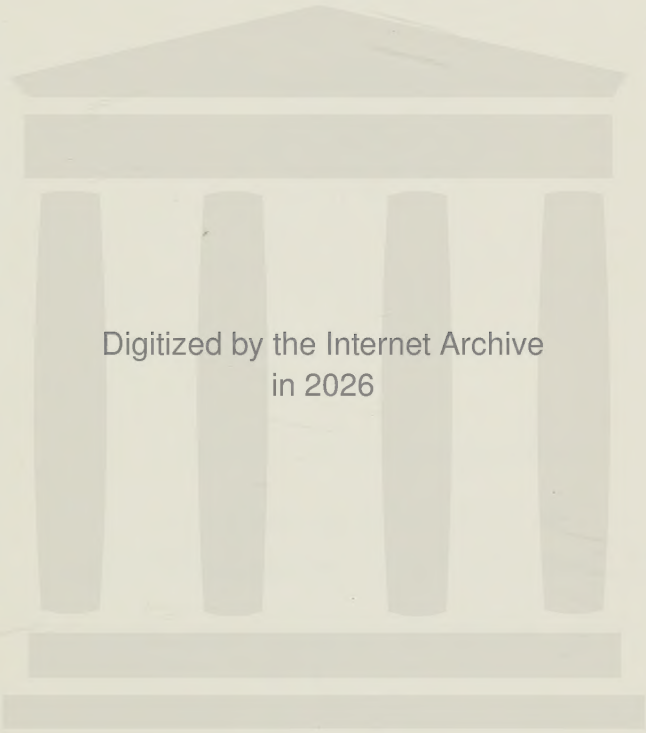
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William Shakespeare

THE Merry Wives of Windso

1602

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At Mr. Griggs's fire, almost all the copies of the facsimile quarto of Shakspere's *Merry Wives* in Dr. Furnivall's series were burnt. Those that were issued had several faulty pages. Mr. Griggs is now reproducing a new facsimile for Mr. Quaritch, who publishes the series, from Mr. A. H. Huth's copy, which is far better than the one belonging to the Duke of Devonshire that was used for the first facsimile, and that had lost portions of some leaves. Mr. P. A. Daniel will re-edit this; and Mr. Griggs has generously resolved to give to every purchaser of the first issue, whose name he has, a copy of the second issue, so that they may have a perfect book. Unfortunately the American reprint of the quarto parallel with the folio text, was made from the faulty facsimile, without inquiry, and without collation with the original quarto. Owners of copies of this parallel text should therefore take care to acquire the forthcoming perfect facsimile of the quarto. — *Academy* 15 Sept. 1888

Huth 48.

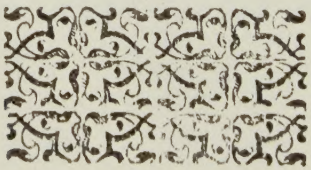
A Moſt pleaſaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falſtaffe*, and the merrie Wiues of *Windſor*.

Entermixed with ſundrie variable and pleaſing humors, of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iuſtice *Shallow*, and his wiſe Couſin M. *Slender*.

With the ſwaggering vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakeſpeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines ſeruants. Both before her Maieſtie, and elſe-where.



LONDON
Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnſon, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Powles Church-yard, at the ſigne of the Flower de Leuſe and the Crowne.
1602.

A pleasant conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merry Wiues of *Windsor*.

Enter Iustice Shallow, *Syr* Hugh, *Maister* Page, *and* Slender.

Shal. NEre talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber matter of it.
The Councell shall know it. (mee.
Pag. Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by
Slen. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.
Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons M. *Slenders?*
You should heare reasons.
Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie it so away.
M. *Page* I will not be wronged. For you
Syr, I loue you, and for my couſen
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.
Pa. And heres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match:
In the meane time let me intreat you to soiourne
Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake
To make you friends.
Sir Hus. I pray you M. *Shallowes* let it be so.

The matter is pud to arbitarments.
The first man is M. *Page*, videlicet M. *Page*.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar- (tyr.

Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe, *and* Nim.

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.

Fal. Now M. *Shallow*, youle complaine of me to the Councell, I heare?

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper, Kild my dogs, stolne my deere.

Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.

Shal. Well this shall be answered.

Fal. Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this. This is now answred.

Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.

Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell, Youle be laught at.

Sir Hu. Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.

Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.
Slender I brake your head,
What matter haue you against mee?

Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and afterward picked my pocket.

Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?

Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences.

Fal.

Fal What ſay you to this *Piſtoll?*

Piſt. Sir *Iohn,* and Maiſter mine, I combat craue
Of this ſame laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

Slen. By this light it was he then.

Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will ſay mary trap. And there's the humor of it.

Fal. You heare theſe matters denide gentlemẽ,
You heare it.

Enter Miſtreſſe Foord, *Miſtreſſe* Page, *and her daughter* Anne.

Pa. No more now,
I thinke it be almoſt dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.

Fal. Miſtreſſe *Foord,* I thinke your name is,
If I miſtake not.

Syr Iohn kiſſes her.

Miſ. Ford. Your miſtake ſir is nothing but in the
Miſtreſſe. But my husbands name is *Foord* ſir.

Fal. I ſhall deſire your more acquaintance.
The like of you good miſteris *Page.*

Miſ. Pa. With all my hart ſir *Iohn.*
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner ſtaies for vs.

Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

Exit all, but Slender *and miſtreſſe* Anne.

Anne.

Anne. Now forſooth why do you ſtay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing ſtands. And if you can loue me why ſo. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You ſay well M. *Slender.*
But firſt you muſt giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in chriſtendome can deſire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne miſtreſſe *Anne*, your dogs barke ſo?

An. I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how ſay you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let looſe, are you not?

An. Yes truſt me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the muſſell,
You neuer ſaw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slendor?*
The meate ſtaies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate
Nere ſince I broke my ſhin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a diſh of ſtewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my ſhin. Yes faith.

Enter

Enter Maiſter Page.

Pa. Come, corne Maiſter *Slender*, dinner ſtaies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You ſhall not chooſe I ſay.

Slen. Ile follow you ſir, pray leade the way. Nay be God miſteris *Anne*, you ſhall goe firſt, I haue more manners then ſo, I hope.

An. Well ſir, I will not be troubleſome.

Exit omnes.

Enter ſir Hugh *and* Simple, *from dinner.*

Sir Hu. Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* houſe, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the ſtreet, and enquire of his houſe for one miſtris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurſe, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maiſter *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I muſt not be abſent at the grace.
I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheeſe behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter ſir Iohn Falſtaffes *Hoſt of the Garter,* Nym, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter.

Hoſt. What ſes my bully Rooke?
Speake ſchollerly and wiſely.

Fal. Mine Hoſt, I muſt turne away ſome of my followers.

Hoſt. Diſcard bully, *Hercules* caſſire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I ſit at ten pound a weeke.

Hoſt. Thou art an Emperour *Cæſar*, *Pheſſer* and *Keſar* bully.
Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He ſhall tap, he ſhall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector?*

Fal. Do good mine Hoſt.

Hoſt. I haue ſpoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*
Let me ſee thee froth, and lyme. I am at
A word. Follow, follow.

Exit Hoſt.

Fal. Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapſter is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered ſeruingman, a freſh Tapſter:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.

Bar. I will ſir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good ſhift to liue.

Exit Bardolfe.

Piſ. O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the ſpicket willd?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almoſt out at the heeles.

Piſ. Why then let cybes inſue.

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal.

Fal. Well I am glad I am ſo rid of this tinder Boy.
His ſtealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull finger, he kept not time.
Nym. The good humor is to ſteale at a minutes reſt.
Piſ. Tis ſo indeed *Nym*, thou haſt hit it right.
Fal. Well, afore God, I muſt cheat, I muſt cony-catch.
Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?
Piſ. I ken the wight, he is of ſubſtance good.
Fal. Well my honeſt Lads, Ile tell you what
I am about.
Piſ. Two yards and more.
Fal. No gibes now *Piſtoll*: indeed I am two yards
In the waſt, but now I am about no waſt:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to *Foords* wife,
I eſpie entertainment in her. She carues, ſhe
Diſcourſes. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be conſtured rightly is, I am
Syr *Iohn Falſtaffes*.
Piſ. He hath ſtudied her well, out of honeſtie
Into Engliſh.
Fal. Now the report goes, ſhe hath all the rule
Of her husbands purſe. She hath legians of angels.
Piſ. As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy ſay I.
Fal. Heree's a Letter to her. Heeres another to miſteris *Page*.

Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intentiõ, with the beames of her beautie, that it ſeemed as ſhe would a ſcorged me vp like a burning glaſſe. Here is another Letter to her, ſhee beares the purſe too. They ſhall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to miſtreſſe *Foord*. And thou this to miſtreſſe *Page*. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I ſir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my ſword were ſteele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here ſirrha beare me theſe Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden ſhores:
Hence ſlaues, avant. Vaniſh like hailſtones, goe.
Falſtaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my ſelfe and ſcirted Page.

Exit Falſtaffe, and the Boy.

Piſ. And art thou gone? Teaſter Ile haue in pouch
When thou ſhalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

Piſ. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Piſ. By wit, or ſword?

Nym. With both the humors I will diſcloſe this loue to *Page*. Ile poſes him with Iallowes,

And

And theres the humor of it.

Piſ. And I to *Foord* will likewiſe tell
How *Falſtaffe* varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let vs about it then. (on.

Piſ. Ile ſecond thee: ſir Corporall *Nym* troope

Exit omnes.

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly, *and* Simple.

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Maſters name ſay you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How ſay you? I take it hee is ſomewhat a weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maiſters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you ſay well.
And is this Letter from ſir *Yon*, about Miſteris *Anne*, Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So: and your Maiſter would haue me as it twere to ſpeak to miſteris *Anne* concerning him: I promiſe you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to miſtreſſe *Anne* himſelfe. And if he ſhould know that I ſhould as they ſay, giue my verdit for any one but himſelfe, I ſhould heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good ſtaie to him.

Quic. Am I? I and you knew all yowd ſay ſo:
Waſhing, brewing, baking, all goes through my hands,
Or elſe it would be but a woe houſe.

Sim. I beſhrow me, one woman to do all this,

Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you auiſed of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is ſuch a honeſt man, and he ſhould chance
To come home and finde a man here, we ſhould
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord bleſſe me, who knocks there?
For Gods ſake ſtep into the Counting-houſe,
While *I* goe ſee whoſe at doore.

He ſteps into the Counting-houſe.

What *Iohn Rugby, Iohn*,
Are you come home ſir alreadie?

And ſhe opens the doore.

Doct. *I* begar *I* be forget my oyntment,
VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Here ſir, do you call?

Doc. *I* you be *Iohn Rugbie*, and you be *Iack Rugby*
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe preſent:
Make haſt *Iohn Rugbie*. O *I* am almoſt forget
My ſimples in a boxe in de Counting-houſe:
O *Ieſhu* vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-houſe?
I tinck you be a teefe.

Quic. *Ieſhu* bleſſe me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord ſir no: *I* am no theefe,
I am a Seruingman:

My

My name is *Iohn Simple*, *I* brought a Letter ſir
From my M. *Slender*, about miſteris *Anne Page*
Sir: *I*ndeed that is my comming.
Doc. *I* begar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma pen
An *I*nck: tarche vn petit tarche a little.
The Doctor writes.
Sim. O God what a furious man is this?
Quic. Nay it is well he is no worſe:
I am glad he is ſo quiet.
Doc. Here giue dat ſame to ſir *Hu*, it ber ve chalẽge
Begar tell him *I* will cut his naſe, will you?
Sim. *I* ſir, *I*le tell him ſo. (may.
Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow
Exit Doctor.
Quic. VVell my friend, *I* cannot tarry, tell your
Maiſter *I*le doo what *I* can for him,
And ſo farewell.
Sim. Mary will *I*, *I* am glad *I* am got hence.
Exit omnes.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page, *reading of a Letter.*

Miſ. Pa. Miſtreſſe *Page I* loue you. Aske me no (reaſon,
Becauſe theyr impoſſible to alledge. Your faire,
And *I* am fat. Yon loue ſack, ſo do *I*:
As *I* am ſure *I* haue no mind but to loue,
So *I* know you haue no hart but to grant (knowes
A ſouldier doth not vſe many words, where a
A letter may ſerue for a ſentence. *I* loue you,
And ſo *I* leaue you.
Yours Syr Iohn Falſtaffe.

Now

Now Iesu blesse me, am I methomorphised?
I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes
at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreasonable woolsack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gaue such assurance with my eies, Ide pul
them out, they should neuer see more holie daies.
Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for
his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of
him. But in good time, heeres mistresse *Foord.*

Enter Mistresse Foord.

Mis. For. How now Mistris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis. Pa. O woman I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a
case in my life.

Mis. Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Mis. Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis. For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of misteris *Page*, and misteris *Foord* disagrees:
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

Mis. Pa. Why this is right my letter,
O most notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis. For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.

O Lord

O Lord if my husband ſhould ſee this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealouſie.

Enter Ford, Page, Piſtoll and Nym.

Miſ.Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealouſie,
As I am from wronging him.

Piſ. Ford the words I ſpeake are forſt:
Beware, take heed, for *Falſtaffe* loues thy wife:
When *Piſtoll* lies do this.

Ford. Why ſir my wife is not young.

Piſ. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore
None comes amis. I ſay he loues thy wife:
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For ſommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:
Page belieue him what he ſes. Away ſir Corporall *Nym.*

Exit Piſtoll.

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I ſhould ha borne the humor Letter to her:
I ſpeake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym.*
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheeſe:
And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you:
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Miſ.Pa. How now ſweet hart, how doſt thou?

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Pa. How now man? How do you miſtris *Ford?*

Miſ.For. Well I thanke you good M. *Page.*
How now husband, how chaunce thou art ſo melancholy?

Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

Miſ.For. God ſaue me, ſee who yonder is:

Weele ſet her a worke in this buſineſſe.
Miſ.Pa. O ſheele ſerue excellent.
Now you come to ſee my daughter *An* I am ſure.
Quic. I forſooth that is my comming.
Miſ.Pa. Come go in with me. Come Miſ. *Ford.*
Miſ.For. I follow you Miſtreſſe *Page.*
Exit Miſtreſſe Ford, *Miſ.* Page, *and* Quickly.
For. M. *Page* did you heare what theſe fellowes (ſaid?
Pa. Yes M. *Ford*, what of that ſir?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather ſpeakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath ſpoke merrily, as the faſhion of fat men
Are: But ſhould he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her looſe to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and ſhrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.
For. Nay I do not miſtruſt my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.

Enter Hoſt and Shallow.

Pa. Here comes my ramping hoſt of the garter,
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purſe,
That he lookes ſo merily. Now mine Hoſt?
Hoſt. God bleſſe you my bully rookes, God bleſſe (you.
Cauciera Iuſtice I ſay.
Shal. At hand mine hoſt, at hand. M. *Ford* god den
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.

I tell

I tell you ſir we haue ſport in hand.

Hoſt. Tell him cauelira Iuſtice: tell him bully rooke.

Ford. Mine Hoſt a the garter:

Hoſt. What ſes my bully rooke?

Ford. A word with you ſir.

Ford *and the Hoſt talkes.*

Shal. Harke you ſir, Ile tell you what the ſport ſhall be,
Doctor *Cayus* and ſir *Hu* are to fight,
My merrie Hoſt hath had the meaſuring
Of their weapons, and hath eare:
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your

Hoſt: Haſt thou no ſhute againſt my knight,
My gueſt, my cauellira:

For. None I proteſt: But tell him my name
Is *Rrooke*, onlie for a Ieſt.

Hoſt: My hand bully: Thou ſhalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name ſhall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?

Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no Ieſter, heele laie it on:
For tho we be Iuſtices and Doctors,
And Church men, yet we are
The ſonnes of women M. *Page*:

Pa: True maiſter *Shallow*:

Shal: It will be found ſo maiſter *Page*:

Pa. Maiſter *Shallow* you your ſelfe
Haue bene a great fighter,
Tho now a man of peace:

Shal: M. *Page* I haue ſeene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their ſtroke & their paſſado,
I haue made them trudge Maiſter *Page*,
A tis the hart, the hart doth all: I

Haue ſeene the day, with my two hand ſword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rattes.

Hoſt. Here boyes, ſhall we wag, ſhall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine hoſt.

Exit Hoſt and Shallow.

Pa. Come M. *Ford*, ſhall we to dinner?
I know theſe fellowes ſticks in your minde.

For. No in good ſadneſſe not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it ſo:
Come M. *Page*, ſhall we to dinner?

Pa. With all my hart ſir, *I*le follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Iohn, and Piſtoll.

Fal. *I*le not lend thee a peny.

Piſ. *I* will retort the ſum in equipage.

Fal. Not a pennie: *I* haue beene content you ſhuld lay my countenance to pawne: *I* haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, elſe you might a looked thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. *I* am damned in hell for ſwearing to Gentlemen your good ſouldiers and tall fellowes: And when miſtriſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, *I* tooked on my hothou hadſt it not.

Piſ. Didſt thou not ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

Fal. Reaſon you rogue, reaſon.
Doeſt thou thinke *I*le indanger my ſoule gratis?
*I*n briefe, hang no more about mee, *I* am no gybit for you. A ſhort knife and a throng to your manner

of

of pickt hatch,goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you ſtand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor preciſe. I,I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand,am faine to ſhuffel,to filch & to lurch. And yet you ſtand vpon your honor, you rogue. You,you.

Piſ. I do recant: what woulſt thou more of man?

Fal. Well,gotoo,away,no more.

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Quic. Good you god den ſir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not ſo ant like your worſhip.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be ſworne,as my mother was The firſt houre I was borne.

Sir I would ſpeake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy,heeres none but my owne houſhold.

Quic. Are they ſo? Now God bleſſe them, and make them his ſeruants.

Syr I come from Miſtreſſe *Foord.*

Fal. So from Miſtreſſe *Foord.* Goeon.

Quic. I ſir,ſhe hath ſent me to you to let you Vnderſtand ſhe hath receiued your Letter, (dit. And let me tell you, ſhe is one ſtands vpon her cre-

Fal. Well, come Miſteris *Ford*, Miſteris *Ford.*

Quic. I ſir, and as they ſay,ſhe is not the firſt Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good ſhe *Mercury.*

Quic. Mary ſir,ſheed haue you meet her between eight and nine.

Fal. So betweene eight and nine: (birding,

Quic. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a

Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her
I will not faile her: Boy giue her my purse.

Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From misteris *Page*:

Fal. From misteris *Page*? I prethy what of her?

Quic. By my troth *I* think you work by *I*nchant-
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo: (ments,

Fal. Not *I*, *I* assure thee: setting the atraction of my
Good parts aside, *I* vse no other inchantments:

Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly:
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealousie as M. *Ford* is. (*Ford*,

Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris *Page* & mistris
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?

Quic. O God no sir: there were a iest indeed.

Fal. Well farwel, commend me to misteris *Ford*,
I will not faile her say.

Quic. God be with your worship.

Exit Mistresse Quickly.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir heer's a Gentleman,
One M. *Brooke*, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

Fal. M. *Brooke*, hees welcome: Bid him come vp,
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:
A *Iack*, will thy old bodie yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer? Good bodie *I* thanke thee,
And *Ile* make more of thee then *I* ha done:

Ha,ha, miſteris *Ford*,and miſteris *Page*, haue
I caught you a the hip ? go too.

Enter Foord *diſguiſed like* Brooke.

For. God ſaue you ſir.

Fal. And you too,would you ſpeak with me ?

Fal. Mary would *I* ſir, *I* am ſomewhat bolde to trouble you,
My name is *Brooke.*

Fal. Good M. *Brooke* your verie welcome.

For. *I*faith ſir *I* am a gentleman and a traueller,
That haue ſeen ſomewhat. And *I* haue often heard
That if mony goes before,all waies lie open.

Fal. Mony is a good ſouldier ſir,and will on.

For. *I*faith ſir,and *I* haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.

Fal. O Lord, would *I* could tell how to deſerue
To be your porter.

For. That may you eaſily ſir *Iohn*: I haue an earneſt
Sute to you. But good ſir *Iohn* when I haue
Told you my griefe,caſt one eie of your owne
Eſtate,ſince your ſelfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.

Fal. Verie well ſir,proceed.

For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
Of this Towne. Now ſir *Iohn* you are a gentleman
Of good diſcourſing,well beloued among Ladies,
A man of ſuch parts that might win 20. ſuch as ſhe.

Fal. O good ſir.

For. Nay beleeue it ſir *Iohn*,for tis time. Now my loue
Is ſo grounded vpon her,that without her loue
I ſhall hardly liue.

Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means ?

Ford. No neuer Sir.

Fal. Of

Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue then?

Ford. Ifaith ſir, like a faire houſe ſet vpon
Another mans foundation. (me?

Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to

For. O ſir, when I haue told you that, I told you
For ſhe ſir ſtands ſo pure in the firme ſtate (all:
Of her honeſtie, that ſhe is too bright to be looked
Againſt: Now could I come againſt her
With ſome detectiō, I ſhould ſooner perſwade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred ſuch nice
Tearmes that ſheele ſtand vpon.

Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruenſie
of your affection, (ioy?
That another ſhould poſſeſſe what you would en-
Meethinks you preſcribe verie propoſterouſly
To your ſelfe.

For. No ſir, for by that meanes ſhould I be cer-
taine of that which I now miſdoubt.

Fal. Well M. *Brooke*, Ile firſt make bold with your
Next, giue me your hand. Laſtly, you ſhall (mony,
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

For. O good ſir.

Fal. M. *Brooke*, I ſay you ſhall.

Ford. Want no mony Syr *Iohn*, you ſhall want

Fal. Want no Miſteris *Ford* M. *Brooke*, (none.
You ſhall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her ſpokes mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me ſoone at night, you ſhall know how
I ſpeed M. *Brooke*.

Ford.

Ford. Sir do you know *Ford?* (him not,

Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife ſeemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vſe her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

Ford. Meethinkes ſir it were very good that you
Ford, that you might ſhun him. (knew

Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile ſtare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It ſhall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou ſhalt
See I will predominate ore the peaſant,
And thou ſhalt lie with his wife. M. *Brooke*
Thou ſhalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me ſoone at night.

Exit Falſtaffe.

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath ſent for him, the plot is laid:
Page is an Aſſe, a foole. A ſecure Aſſe,
Ile ſooner truſt an Iriſhman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parſon with my cheeſe,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thē my wife
With her ſelfe: then ſhe plots, then ſhe ruminates,
And what ſhe thinkes in her hart ſhe may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but ſhe will effect it.
God be praiſed, God be praiſed for my iealouſie:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too ſoone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

Exit Ford.

Enter the Doctor and his man.

Doc. *Iohn Rugbie* goe looke met your eies ore de
And ſpie and you can ſee de parſon. (ſtall,
Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I ſee a great many comming.
Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugabie*, begar
Hearing be not ſo dead as I ſhall make him. de

Enter Shallow, Page, my Hoſt, and Slender.

Pa. God ſaue you M. Doctor *Caius*.
Shal. How do you M. Doctor? (thee,
Hoſt. God bleſſe thee my bully doctor, God bleſſe
Doc. Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a?
Hoſt. Bully to ſee thee fight, to ſee thee foine, to ſee thee trauerſe, to ſee thee here, to ſee thee there, to ſee thee paſſe the punto. The ſtock, the reuerſe, the diſtance: the montnee is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ſes my gallon? my eſcuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?
Doc. Begar de preeſt be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not ſhew his face.
Hoſt. Thou art a caſtallian king vrinall.
Hector of *Greece* my boy.
Shal. He hath ſhowne himſelfe the wiſer man
M. Doctor:
Sir *Hugh* is a Parſon, and you a Phiſition. You muſt
Goe with me M. Doctor.
Hoſt. Pardon bully Iuſtice. A word monſire
Doc. Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.
Hoſt. That is in our Engliſh tongue, Vallor bully,
vallor.

Doc.

Doc. Begar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglisſh Iack dog, knaue.

Hoſt. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?

Hoſt. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doc. Begar I do looke he ſhal claperclaw me dē, And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag: And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. *Shallow*, And eke cauellira *Slender*, go you all ouer the fields to Frogmore?

Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?

Hoſt. He is there: goe ſee what humor hee is in, Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields: Will it do well?

Shal. We wil do it my hoſt. Farwel M. Doctor.

Exit all but the Hoſt and Doctor.

Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preeſt, He is make a foole of moy.

Hoſt. Let him die, but firſt ſheth your impatience, Throw cold water on your collor, com go with me Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee Where miſtris *An Page* is a feaſting at a farm houſe, And thou ſhalt wear hir cried game: ſed *I* wel bully

Doc. Begar excellent vel: and if you ſpeak pour moy, I ſhall procure you de geſſe of all de gentelmē mon patinces. I begar *I* ſall.

Hoſt. For the which Ile be thy aduerſary To miſteris *An Page*: Sed *I* well?

Doc. I begar excellent.

Hoſt. Let vs wag then.

Doc. Alon, alon, alon.

Exit omnes.

Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do ſo much as ſee if you can (eſpie
Doctor *Caius* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you pleaſe now.

Sim. I will Sir.

Sir Hu. Ieſhu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and (trobes,
And then ſhe made him bedes of Roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſes,
To ſhallow riueres. Now ſo kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To ſhallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds ſing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as faſt as they can. (ſword,

Sir Hu. Then it is verie neceſſary I put vp my
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God ſaue you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. God ſaue you M. parſon. (now.

Sir Hu. God pleſſe you all from his mercies ſake

Pa. What the word and the ſword, doth that agree well?

Sir Hu. There is reaſons and cauſes in all things, I warrant you now.

Pa. Well Sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is I pray you?

Pa. Ifaith tis this ſir *Hugh*. There is an auncient friend of ours, a man of verie good ſort, ſo at oddes with

with one patience, that *I* am ſure you would hartily grieue to ſee him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a ſcholler well red, and verie perſwaſiue, we would intreate you to ſee if you could intreat him to patience.

Sir Hu. *I* pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

Pa. I am ſhure you know him, tis Doctor *Caius*.

Sir Hu. *I* had as leeue you ſhould tel me of a meſſe
He is an arant lowſie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,
And he is a coward beſide.

Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he ſhould fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Hoſt, they offer to fight.

Shal. Keep them aſunder, take away their weapons.

Hoſt. Diſarme, let them queſtion.

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our Engliſh.

Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de *Iack*, coward preeſt.

Sir Hu. Harke you, let vs not be laughing ſtockes to other mens humors. By Ieſhu *I* will knock your vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for miſſing your meetings and appointments.

Doc. O Ieſhu mine hoſt of de garter, *Iohn Rogoby*,
Haue *I* not met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment
Witnes by my Hoſt of the garter. (place,

Hoſt. Peace I ſay gawle and gawlia, French and
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Wealch,

Doc. This is verie braue, excellent.

Hoſt. Peace *I* ſay, heare mine hoſt of the garter,

Am I wise? am I politicke? am I Machiauil?
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiõs
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir *Hu?*
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,
Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

Doc. I begar haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor *Caius*,
We be all friends:
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

Doc. I dat be vell begar I be friends. (*Exit omnes*

Enter M. Foord.

For. The time drawes on he should come to my house,
Well wife, you had best worke closely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
And in good time see where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor, and sir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. *Ford.*

For. Welcome good M. *Page*,
I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page* I hope I haue your consent
For Misteris *Anne?*

Pa.

Pa. You haue ſonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maiſter Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily:

Hoſt. But what ſay you to yong Maiſter *Fenton?*
He capers, he dances, he writes verſes, he ſmelles
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,
'Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

Pa. My hoſt not with my cõſent: the gentleman is
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,
Let him take her ſimply: for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner:
Beſides your cheare Ile ſhew you wonders: Ile
Shew you a monſter. You ſhall go with me
M. *Page*, and ſo ſhall you ſir *Hugh*, and you Maiſter
Doctor. (two:

S *Hu* If there be one in the company, I ſhal make

Doc. And dere be ven to, I ſall make de tird:

Sir Hu, In your teeth for ſhame, (fairer

Shal: wel, wel, God be with you, we ſhall haue the
Wooing at Maiſter *Pages:*

Exit Shallow and Slender,

Hoſt Ile to my honeſt knight ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit hoſt.*

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe
Firſt come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

Enter Miſtreſſe Ford, with two of her men, and a great buck basket.

Miſ. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, ſay to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to beſtow it?

Ser. I warrant you miſteris. *Exit ſeruant.*

Miſ. Ford

Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I shall serue you such a trick,
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?
Why now let me die. *I* haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre *I* haue desired to see,
Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.

Mis. For. Why how then sir *Iohn*?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.

Mis. For. Alas sir *Iohn*, *I* should be a verie simple Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,
Or anie Venetian attire, I see it. (better.

Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir *Iohn*, would fit me

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so:
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too
I loue thee:
Mistris *Ford*, *I* cannot cog, *I* cannot prate, like one
Of these fellowes that smels like Bucklers-berie,
In simple time, but *I* loue thee,
And none but thee.

Mis. For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue misteris

Fal. I thou mightest as well saie (*Page*.
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
VVhich is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter

Enter Miſtreſſe Page.

Miſ.Pa. Miſtreſſe *Ford*, Miſ. *Ford*, where are you?

Miſ.For. O Lord ſtep aſide good ſir *Iohn*.

Falſtaffe ſtands behind the aras.

How now Miſteris *Page* whats the matter?

Miſ.Pa. Why your husband woman is cõming,
With halfe *Windſor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman that he ſes
Is hid in his houſe: his wifes ſweet hart.

Miſ.For. Speak louder. But *I* hope tis not true Miſteris *Page*.

Miſ.Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for euer.

Miſ.For. Alas miſtreſſe *Page*, what ſhall *I* do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how ſhall I do?

Miſ.Pa. Gode body woman, do not ſtand what ſhal I do, and what ſhall *I* do. Better any ſhift, rather then you ſhamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-baſket, if hee be a man of any reaſonable ſiſe, heele in here.

Miſ.For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me ſee, let me ſee, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counſell. *(Aſide.*

Miſ.Pa. Fie ſir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all.
How now who goes heare? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.

Mis. For. Now let it go, you had best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maister *Page* take my keyes: helpe to search. Good
Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile shew you all.

Sir Hu. By Iesu these are iealosies & distemperes.

Exit omnes.

Mis. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Mis. I wonder what he thought
Whē my husband bad them set downe the basket.

Mis. Pa. Hang him dishonest slaue, we cannot vse
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealousie.

Mi. For. Alas poore soule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him cease
His iealous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increase.

Mis. Pa. Nay we wil send to *Falstaffe* once again,
Tis great pittie we should leaue him:
What wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.

Mi. For. Shall we be cōdemnd because we laugh?
Tis old, but true: still fowes eate all the drasse.

Enter all.

Mis. Pa. Here comes your husband, stand aside.

For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Mis. Pa. Did you heare that? *Mis. For.*

Miſ. For. I, I, peace.

For. Well Ile not let it go ſo, yet Ile trie further.

S. *Hu.* By Ieſhu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the cuberts, or the preſſe, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God pleſſe me:
You ſeruc me well, do you not?

Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are too blame:

Miſ. Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to ſuſpect
Her thus without cauſe.

Doc. No by my trot it be no vell:

For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. *Page* pardō me.
I ſuffer for it, *I* ſuffer for it: (now:

Sir Hu: You ſuffer for a bad conſcience looke you

Ford: Well *I* pray no more, another time *I*le tell you all:

The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
I am ſorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,
Another time *I*le tell you all.

Pa: Wel let it be ſo, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my houſe to dinner: and in the morning weele
A birding; *I* haue an excellent Hauke for the buſh.

Ford: Let it be ſo: Come M. *Page*, come wife:
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come

Sir Hu: By ſo kad vdgme, M. *Fordes* is (in.
Not in his right wittes:

Exit omnes:

Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Fal: *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle ſack preſently:

Bar: With Egges ſir?

Fal: Simply of it ſelfe, *I*le none of theſe pullets
*I*n my drinke: goe make haſte. (ſperme
Haue *I* liued to be carried in a basket

and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my size I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was shelue and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Now whats the newes with you?

Quic. I come from misteris *Ford* forsooth.

Fal. Misteris *Ford*, I haue had Ford inough, I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou?

Quic. I

Quic. I forſooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie: Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And ſo farwell.

Quic Youle not faile ſir?

Exit miſtreſſe Quickly.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. *Brooke*, I like his
Mony well. By the maſſe here he is.

Enter Brooke.

For. God ſaue you ſir.

Fal. Welcome good M. *Brooke*. You come to know how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. M. *Brooke* I will not lie to you ſir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how ſped you ſir?

Fal. Verie ill fauouredly ſir.

For. Why ſir, did ſhe change her determination?

Fal. No M. *Brooke*, but you ſhall heare. After we had kiſſed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the proſecucion of our incounter, who ſhould come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and inſtigated by his diſtemper. And what to do thinke you? to ſearch for his wiues loue. Euen ſo, plainly ſo.

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilſt I was there.

For. And did he ſearch and could not find you?

Fal. You ſhall heare ſir, as God would haue it,
A litle before comes me one *Pages* wife,

Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in
With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
Ile tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horshoo hot:
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.

Ford. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

Fal. M. *Brooke*, Ile be throwne into Etna
As I haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: I haue receiued
Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford: Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie:

Fal: Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe
For my appointment: M. *Brooke* come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how I speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue:
You shall cuckold *Foord*: Come to mee soone at
at night. *Exit Falstaffe.*

Ford

For. Is this a dreame? Is it a viſion?
Maiſter *Ford*, maiſter *Ford*, awake maiſter *Ford*,
There is a hole made in your beſt coat M. *Ford*,
And a man ſhall not only endure this wrong,
But ſhall ſtand vnder the taunt of names,
Luciſer is a good name, *Barbaſon* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeſo
The diuel himſelfe hath not ſuch a name:
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes: Well Ile home, *I* feri it him,
And vnleſſe the diuel himſelfe ſhould aide him,
Ile ſearch vnpoſſible places: *I*le about it,
Leaſt I repent too late:

Exit omnes.

Enter M. *Fenton*, *Page*, *and miſtreſſe Quickly.*

Fen: Tell me ſweet *Nan*, how doeſt thou yet reſolue,
Shall fooliſh *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wiſe as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall ſuch as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowſt that *I* haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou haſt oft times ſwore the like to me.

An: Good M. *Fenton*, you may aſſure your ſelfe
My hart is ſetled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother pleaſe:
Get their conſent, you quickly ſhall haue mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I muſt needs confeſſe at firſt that drew me,
But ſince thy vertues wiped that traſh away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and ſo deare is it ſet,
That whilſt I liue, I nere ſhall thee forget.

Quic: Godes

Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. M. *Fenton* I pray what make you here?
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.

Fen. But heare me speake sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
Sonne *Slender* let me speak with you. (*they whisper.*

Quic. Speake to Misteris *Page*.

Fen. Pray misteris *Page* let me haue your cõsent.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith M. *Fentõ* is as my husband please.
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further (you.

Quic. How say you this was my doings? I bid you speake to misteris *Page*.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. (*Exit Fen.*

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart. (*Slẽder*

Pa. Come wife, you an *I* will in, weele leaue M.
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may stay sir if you please.

Exit Page and his wife.

Shal. Mary *I* thanke you for that:
To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith *I* know not what to say.

An. Now M. *Slender*, whats your will? (*An,*

Slen. Godeso theres a *Iest* indeed: why misteris
I neuer made wil yet: *I* thãk God I am wise inough (for that.

Shal. Fie cusse sie, thou art not right,
O thou hadst a father.

Slen. I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse

Anne. *Shal.*

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he ſhall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Gloſterſhire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

An. O God how many groſſe faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

Slend. I thanke you good miſteris *Anne*, vncle I ſhall haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come you, and you M. *Slender*, and you miſtris *An.*

Slend. Well Nurſe, if youle ſpeake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit omnes but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile ſpeake what I can for you,
But ſpecially for M. *Fenton*:
But ſpecially of all for my Maiſter.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter miſteris Ford and her two men.

Miſ. For. Do you heare? when your M. comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you ſet it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forſooth.

Enter Syr Iohn.

Miſ. For. Syr *Iohn* welcome.

Fal. What are you ſure of your husband now?

Miſ. For. He is gone a birding ſir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet.

Enter miſtreſſe Page.

Gods body here is miſteris *Page*,
Step behind the arras good ſir *Iohn*.

He ſteps behind the arras.

Miſ.Pa. Miſteris *Ford*, why woman your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to ſearch for your ſweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Miſ.For. O God miſteris *Page* the knight is here, What ſhall I do?

Miſ.Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make ſome meanes to ſhift him away.

Miſ.For. Alas I know no meanes, vnleſſe we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket, Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peeces.

Miſ.*For.* There they vſe to diſcharge their Fow-

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mi.Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For Gods ſake deuiſe any extremitie, Rather then a miſchiefe.

Miſ.Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make, If there were any womans apparell would fit him, He might put on a gowne and a muffler, And ſo eſcape.

Mi.For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne abouq.

Miſ.Pa. And ſhe is altogether as fat as he.

Miſ.For. I that will ſerue him of my word.

Miſ.Pa. Come goe with me ſir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to dreſſe you.

Fal. Come for Godſake, any thing.

Exit Miſ.Page, & Sir Iohn.

Enter

Enter M.Ford, Page, Prieſt, Shallow, the two men carries the basket, and Ford meets it.

For. Come along *I* pray, you ſhal know the cauſe,
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?
Set downe the basket you ſlaue,
You panderly rogue ſet it downe. (thus?

Miſ.For. What is the reaſon that you vſe me

For. Come hither ſet downe the basket,
Miſteris *Ford* the modeſt woman,
Miſteris *Ford* the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I miſtruſt you without cauſe do I not?

Miſ.For. I Gods my record do you. And if you miſtruſt me in any ill ſort.

Ford. Well ſed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basket, come out here,
Pull out the cloathes, ſearch. (cloathes?

Hu. Ieſhu pleſſe me, will you pull vp your wiues

Pa. Fie M. *Ford* you are not to go abroad if you be in theſe fits.

SirHu. By ſo kad vdge me, tis verie neceſſarie He were put in perhlem.

For. M. *Page*, as *I* am an honeſt man M. *Page*, There was one conueyd out of my houſe here yeſterday out of this basket, why may He not be here now?

Mi.For. Come miſtris *Page*, bring the old woma

For. Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

Mi.For. Why my maidens Aunt, *Gillis* of *Brainford*.
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my houſe,
Alas we are ſimple we, we know not what

Is brought to paſſe vnder the colour of fortune-Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter Falſtaffe diſguiſed like an old woman, and miſteris Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,

Sir *Hu.* By Ieſhu I verily thinke ſhe is a witch I eſpied vnder her muſler a great beard.

Ford. Pray come helpe me to ſearch, pray now.

Pa. Come weele go for his minds ſake.

Exit omnes.

Mi. For. By my troth he beat him moſt extreamly.

Mi. Pa. I am glad of it, what ſhall we proceed any further?

Mi. For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am ſure hath almoſt fretted himſelfe to death.

Mi. Pa. Content, come weele goe tell them all, And as they agree, ſo will we proceed. *Exit both.*

Enter Hoſt and Bardolfe.

Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger ſir, would haue your horſe.

Hoſt. The Duke, what Duke? let me ſpeake with the Gentlemen, do they ſpeake Engliſh?

Bar. Ile call them to you ſir.

Hoſt. No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile ſauce them: They haue had my houſe a weeke at command, I haue turned away my other gueſſe, They ſhall haue my horſes *Bardolfe*, They muſt come off, Ile ſawce them. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slender. Syr Hu.

Ford.

Ford. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my ſoule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I haue ſo true and conſtant wife, my icalouſie ſhall neuer more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done,
Was nothing elſe but mirth and modeſtie.

Pa. I miſteris *Ford*, *Falſtaffe* hath all the griefe,
And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

Mi. Pa. No knauery husband, it was honeſt mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good paſtimes & merriments.

Miſ. For. But ſweete heart ſhall wee leaue olde *Falſtaffe* ſo?

Miſ. Pa. O by no meanes, ſend to him againe.

Pa. I do not thinke heele come being ſo much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.

Pa. There muſt be ſome plot laide, or heele not

Miſ. Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard ſince *Horne* the hunter dyed,
That women to affright their litle children,
Ses that he walkes in ſhape of a great ſtagge.
Now for that *Falſtaffe* hath bene ſo deceiued,
As that he dares not venture to the houſe,
Weele ſend him word to meet vs in the field,
Diſguiſed like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head,
The houre ſhalbe iuſt betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meet him both:
Then would I haue you preſent there at hand,
With litle boyes diſguiſed and dreſſed like Fayries,
For to affright fat *Falſtaffe* in the woods.

And then to make a period to the Ieſt,
Tell *Falſtaffe* all, I thinke this will do beſt.

Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,
Shall like a litle Fayrie be diſguiſed.

Miſ. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor
ſteale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes?

Miſ. For. But who will buy the ſilkes to tyre the

Pa. That will *I* do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertiſe *Slender*
To know her by that ſigne, and ſteale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, ſhall marrie her.

Hu. So kad vdge me the deuiſes is excellent.
I will alſo be there, and be like a *Iackanapes*,
And pinch him moſt cruelly for his lecheries.

Miſ. Pa. Why then we are reuenged ſufficiently.
Firſt he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, *I* am ſure youle witnes that.

Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

Pa. Well lets about this ſtratagem, I long
To ſee deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

For, Well ſend to *Falſtaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs ſmile and laugh one moneth togither.

Exit omnes.

Enter Hoſt and Simple.

Hoſt. What would thou haue boore, what thick-(skin?
Speake, breath, diſcus, ſhort, quick, briefe, ſnap.

Sim. Sir, I am ſent frõ my M. to ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Hoſt. Sir *Iohn*, theres his Caſtle, his ſtanding bed,
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with
the ſtory of the prodigall, freſh and new, go knock,
heele ſpeak like an Antripophiginian to thee:

Knocke

Knock I ſay.

Sim. Sir I ſhould ſpeak with an old woman that went vp into his chamber.

Hoſt. An old woman, the knight may be robbed, Ile call bully knight, bully ſir *Iohn*. Speake from thy Lungs military: it is thine hoſt, thy Epheſian calls.

Fal. Now mine Hoſt.

Hoſt: Here is a Bohemian tartar bully, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman: Let her deſcēd bully, let her deſcend, my chambers are honorable, pah priuaſie, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine hoſt there was a fat woman with me, But ſhe is gone.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray ſir was it not the wiſe woman of *Brainford?*

Fal. Marry was it Muſſelſhell, what would you?

Sim. Marry ſir my maiſter *Slender* ſent me to her, To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine, Couſoned him of it, or no.

Fal. I talked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray ſir what ſes ſhe?

Fal. Marry ſhe ſes the very ſame man that Beguiled maiſter *Slender* of his chaine, Couſoned him of it.

Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maiſter ſo ſir?

Fal. I tike, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you ſir, I ſhall make my maiſter a glad man at theſe tydings, God be with you ſir.

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly ſir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly, Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Marry was there mine hoſt, one that taught

Me

Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,
And I paid nothing for it,
But was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord ſir couſonage, plaine couſonage.

Hoſt. Why man, where be my horſes? where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horſes:
After I came beyond Maidenhead,
They flung me in a ſlow of myre, & away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Where be my Hoſt de gartyre?

Hoſt. O here ſir in perplexitie.

Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has coſened all de hoſt of *Branford*,
And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Hoſt, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter Sir *Hugh.*

Sir Hu. Where is mine Hoſt of the gartyr?
Now my Hoſt, I would deſire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three ſorts of coſen garmombles,
Is coſen all the Hoſt of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honeſt man, and a ſcuruy beggerly lowſie knaue beſide:
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Hoſt. *Exit.*

Hoſt. *I* am coſened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweet knight aſſiſt me, *I* am coſened. *Exit.*

Fal. Would all the worell were coſened for me,
For

For I am couſoned and beaten too.
Well, *I* neuer proſpered ſince I forſwore
My ſelfe at *Primero*: and my winde
Were but long inough to ſay my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties forſooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one partie,
And his dam the other,
And theyle be both beſtowed.
I haue endured more for their ſakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord ſir, they are the ſorowfulſt creatures
That euer liued: ſpecially miſtreſſe *Ford*,
Her husband hath beaten her that ſhe is all
Blacke and blew poore ſoule.

Fal. What telleſt me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my eſcape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and ſet in the ſtockes.

Quic. Well ſir, ſhe is a ſorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perſwaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Hoſt and Fenton.

Hoſt. Speake not to me ſir, my mind is heauie,
I haue had a great loſſe.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your loſſe.

Hoſt. Well ſir Ile heare you, and at leaſt keep your counſell.

Fen. Thē thus my hoſt. Tis not vnknown to you,

The feruent loue *I* beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutally her loue againe to mee:
But her father ſtill againſt her choiſe,
Doth ſeeke to marrie her to fooliſh *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night diſguiſed,
Wherein fat *Falſtaffe* had a mightie ſcare,
Muſt *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother ſtill againſt that match,
And firme for Doctor *Caius*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor muſt ſteale her thence,
And ſhe hath giuen conſent to goe with him.

Hoſt. Now which means ſhe to deceiue, father or mother?

Fen. Both my good Hoſt, to go along with me.
Now here it reſts, that you would procure a prieſt,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among thē

Hoſt. But how will you come to ſteale her from

Fen. That hath ſweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which ſhe weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I ſhalbe ſure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the prieſt abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Hoſt. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you ſhall not lacke a Prieſt.

Fen. So ſhall *I* euermore be bound vnto thee.
Beſides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter ſir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well *I*le venter,
They ſay there is good luck in old numbers,
Ioue transformed himſelfe into a bull, And

And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fatteſt
In all Windſor forreſt: well I ſtand here
For Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter miſtris Page, and miſtris Ford.

Miſ. Pa. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I ſir *Iohn*, I ſee you will not faile,
Therefore you deſerue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late croſſes.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thẽ to your husbands,
Do I ſpeake like Horne the hunter, ha?

Miſ. Pa. God forgiue me, what noiſe is this?

There is a noiſe of hornes, the two women run away.

Enter ſir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes dreſt like Fayries, miſtreſſe Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they ſing a ſong about him, and afterward ſpeake.

Quic: You Fayries that do haunt theſe ſhady (groues,
Looke round about the wood if you can eſpie
A mortall that doth haunt our ſacred round:
If ſuch a one you can eſpie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither Peane, go to the countrie houſes,
And when you finde a ſlut that lies a ſleepe,
And all her diſhes foule, and roome vnſwept,
With your long nailes pinch her till ſhe crie,

And ſweare to mend her fluttiſh huſwiferie.
Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.
Hu. Where is *Pead?* go you & ſee where Brokers
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their maſe, (ſleep,
Goe laie the Proctors in the ſtreet,
And pinch the lowſie Seriants face:
Spare none of theſe when they are a bed,
But ſuch whoſe noſe lookes plew and red.
Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you ſtand ſtill.
Some do that thing, ſome do this,
All do ſomething, none amis.
Hir Hu. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that wealch Fairie.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.
Sir Hu. See I haue ſpied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now, and I care (not.
Quic. Go ſtrait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers endes,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name:
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be ſhure he is full of ſin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphiſed youth.
Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he ſtarts.

Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.

Quic. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well, and after ſing.

Here they pinch him, and ſing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales miſteris Anne, being in white. And a noyſe of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies *runne away. Falſtaffe pulles of his bucks head, and riſes vp. And enters* M. *Page,* M. *Ford, and their wiues,* M. *Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?

Shal. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Sir Hu. God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn*, God pleſſe you.

Pa. Why how now ſir *Iohn*, what a pair of horns in your hand?

Ford. Thoſe hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
And M. *Brooke* and he ſhould be the men:
Why how now ſir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you ſo,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

And whats to come sir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Mi.Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your dishonest meanes
To call our credits into question,
Did make vs vndertake to our best,
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.
Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?
Why then these were not *Fairies*?
Mis.Pa. No sir *Iohn* but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind
They were not, and yet the grosnesse
Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
That thayle melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I trust me boyes Sir *Iohn*: and I was
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the start of mee,
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?
With a peece of toasted cheese?
Sir Hu. Butter is better then cheese sir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet sir *Iohn*,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir *Iohn*,
And it must be paid to M. *Ford* Sir *Iohn*.
Mi.For. Nay husband let that go to make amẽds,
Forgiue that sum, and so weele all be friends.
For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.
Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

Enter

Enter the Doctor.

Mi. Pa. Now M. Doctor, ſonne I hope you are.

Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar
Tis a whorſon garſon Iack boy.

Miſ. Pa. How a boy?

Doct. I begar a boy.

Pa. Nay be not angry wife, *Ile* tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee ſo:
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. *Slender*, and ſee where he comes.

Enter Slender.

Now ſonne *Slender*,
Where's your bride?

Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd *I* thinke theres neuer a man in the worell hath that croſſe fortune that *I* haue: begod I could cry for verie anger.

Pa. Why whats the matter ſonne *Slender*?

Slen. Sonne, nay by God *I* am none of your ſon.

Pa. No, why ſo? (married.

Slen. Why ſo God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue

Pa. How a boy? why did you miſtake the word?

Slen. No neither, for *I* came to her in red as you bad me, and *I* cried mum, and hee cried budget, ſo well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.

Sir Hu. Ieſhu M. *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marrie

Pa. O *I* am vext at hart, what ſhal I do? (boyes?

Enter Fenton and Anne.

Miſ. Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all?

An. At Curch forſooth.

Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?

Fen.

Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.
Ford: Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced
Mi. For. Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.
Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet *I* am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hu: Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.
Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-
Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (sed:
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.
Sir Hu. I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-
Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors iest.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

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